



CHILLING...WEIRD...SPINE-TINGLING!



NO 6 -  
JULY-AUG.

# SKELETON HAND

10¢

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

CAN A FORTUNE-TELLER'S  
CRYSTAL BALL CONTAIN A  
WORLD OF EVIL? LEARN THE  
WEIRD ANSWER IN "THE MEDIUM  
AND THE MURDERER"...  
THIS YEAR'S TOPS  
IN THRILLS!

NO...NO! LET  
ME...GO!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GIVEN - GIVEN

## PREMIUMS or CASH

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## PREMIUMS or CASH



ACT  
NOW

BOYS - GIRLS  
MAIL COUPON

OUR 58th YEAR

BE  
FIRST

We  
Are  
Reliable

WE TRUST YOU

1000 Shot "Red Ryder" Repeater Air Rifles with tube of shot. Candid Cameras with carrying cases, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 58th year. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. A-27, TYRONE, PA.



Boys  
Girls  
Ladies

Boys  
Girls  
Ladies  
Men

Act  
Now

Be  
First

Lovable fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height. Ukuleles, Wrist Watches, Jewelry, School Bags (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours.

**SIMPLY GIVE** Pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. Mail coupon now. Be first. Act now. Our 58th year.

WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. B-27, TYRONE, PA.

Our  
58th  
Year

# PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH

BOYS - GIRLS - LADIES

ACT NOW - BE FIRST

MAIL  
COUPON

WATCHES

OUR 58th  
YEAR

SEND NO MONEY - WE  
TRUST YOU - ACT NOW

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon today. We are reliable. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.

postage paid by us to start. Mail coupon today. We are reliable. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C-27, Tyrone, Pa.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

Mail Coupon



OUR  
58th YEAR

Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Radios, Alarm Clocks, Electric Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve and easily sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 58th year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon today. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

BE FIRST

# GIVEN - PREMIUMS or CASH

ACT  
NOW

BE  
FIRST

BOYS  
GIRLS  
LADIES  
MEN

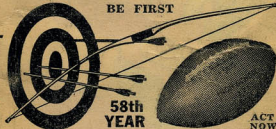


58th  
YEAR

Football, Archery Sets, Fishing Outfits, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. D-27, Tyrone, Pa.

BE  
FIRST  
ACT  
NOW

BE FIRST



58th  
YEAR

ACT  
NOW

# MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-AG, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

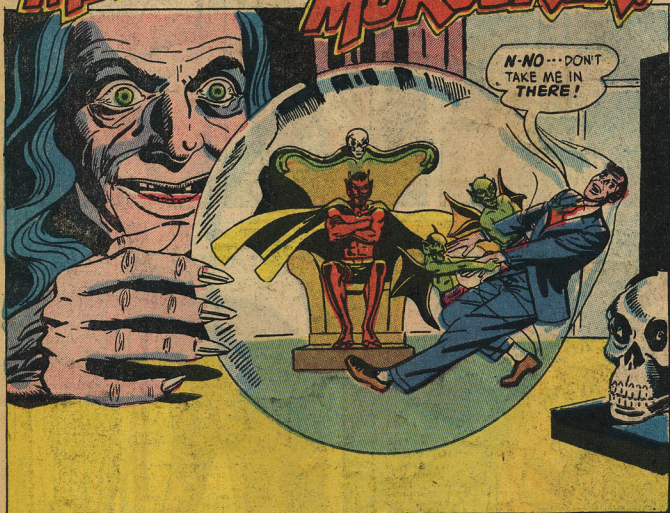
NAME..... AGE.....  
ST..... R.D..... BOX.....  
TOWN..... NO..... STATE.....

Print LAST  
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

SOME FOLKS BELIEVE IN FORTUNE TELLERS, OTHER DO NOT! WE CANNOT TAKE SIDES, BUT RECENTLY, WE CAME ACROSS A TALE SO HORRIFYINGLY VIVID, SO PACKED WITH BLOOD-CHILLING DRAMA, THAT--WELL, IT MADE US WONDER! AND WE THINK YOU, TOO, MAY BE LESS SKEPTICAL WHEN YOU READ THIS AWESOME INSPIRING ACCOUNT OF

# THE MEDIUM and the MURDERER!



JOE BINK WAS A SMART CROOK! HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN FORTUNE TELLERS, BUT...

THIS GAL MADE A FORTUNE BY TELLING THEM--AND THE GRAPEVINE SAYS SHE KEEPS IT RIGHT INSIDE! THIS'LL BE ANY EASY JOB!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH MADAM DANZA?

I'LL GAIN HER CONFIDENCE FIRST--ACT LIKE A CUSTOMER--

I'D--ER--LIKE MY FORTUNE TOLD!



SIT THERE, PLEASE!

IT'S A... CREEPY SORT OF A JOINT! I THINK I'LL GET THIS OVER WITH IN A HURRY!



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**B**UT IT WAS NOT JOE'S FATE THAT  
MADAM DANZA READ...BUT HER OWN!

NO, NO! THERE...  
THERE IS **EVIL**  
...GET OUT!

DUNNO IF YA  
SAW THAT IN  
YOUR CRYSTAL  
BALL, BABY...  
BUT YER  
RIGHT!



OKAY...  
WHERE'S  
YOUR DOUGH?  
QUICK, OR  
I'LL...

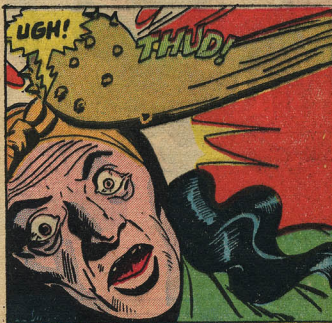
**FOOL!** I WARN  
YOU... GO WHILE  
YOU CAN! I HAVE  
**SUPERNATURAL  
POWERS**... THAT  
CAN **DESTROY**  
- YOU!



**JOE FELT A SPASM OF SUDDEN  
FEAR**... IT MADE HIM REACH FOR  
THE NEAREST WEAPON...

YEAH? WELL, I GOT  
SOMETHING THAT  
WORKS EVEN  
**BETTER!**

NO...  
YOU DON'T  
**DARE!**



A NEAT JOB!  
NOW TO FIND  
THAT SWAG!



**A**FTER A FRANTIC SEARCH...

GOT IT! BUT I'LL  
HAFTA... HUH?  
**WHO'S LAUGH-**  
**ING?**

**HA! HA!**  
**HA!... YOU**  
**FOOL!**



**N**OW THE KILLER KNEW THE MEANING OF PURE  
**TERROR**... FOR, FROM THE CRYSTAL BALL...

I **WARNED** YOU! NOW  
YOU MUST FACE THE  
AWFUL VENGEANCE  
OF THE **SPIRIT**  
**WORLD!**

**N-NO!**  
I'M **SEEN'**  
THINGS!





**C**ONSUMED BY HORROR, JOE RUSHED PANIC-STRICKEN INTO THE STREET...



HELP...  
DON'T LET  
HER GET  
ME!



HEY...WHAT'S  
WITH THIS  
GUY?

MADAM DANZA  
...I KILLED  
HER!

WE BETTER  
TAKE A LOOK,  
BILL!

**F**ORCIBLY, THEY DRAGGED JOE BACK INTO THE DREADED ROOM---AND THERE---



GOOD EVENING,  
GENTLEMEN...  
WHAT DO YOU  
WISH OF MADAM  
DANZA?

KNOW THIS  
GUY, MADAM?

SHE'S  
ALIVE!  
BUT I---

NO, I'VE  
NEVER  
SEEN  
HIM  
BEFORE!

NOW I  
KNOW...  
YOU'RE  
THE...  
SPIRIT  
OF THE  
FORTUNE  
TELLER!

LET'S  
GO, BILL  
...THE  
GUY'S A  
NUT!

**B**UT AS THE OFFICERS LEFT...

HEY...  
WAIT!

DID YOU THINK I'D  
LET THEM PUNISH  
YOU? NOT WHEN I'VE  
GOT MY OWN  
PLANS!



COME---GAZE INTO MY  
CRYSTAL BALL---SEE  
WHAT FATE AWAITS  
YOU!



**A**N ALL-POWERFUL HYPNOTIC FORCE DREW JOE FORWARD---HE LOOKED DEEP INTO THE SHINING GLOBE---

O, LEGIONS OF  
SATAN---JOIN ME  
IN THE PHYSICAL  
WORLD, THAT I MAY  
WREAK MY JUST  
VENGEANCE!

NO...  
NOT THAT...  
PLEASE!



**THIS IS WHAT MADE JOE COWER, GIBBER IN HORROR!**

WE HEAR...AND OBEY! SEIZE HIM, IMPS!



**AND AS HE TURNED TO FLEE...**

TH- THEY CAME RIGHT OUT OF THE BALL... HELP!



**THROUGH THE SPHERICAL DOORWAY TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, THE HORRIFIED KILLER WAS DRAWN...**

BRING HIM BEFORE ME!



YOU WILL NOW GO ON TRIAL FOR YOUR CRIME! I WILL BE THE JUDGE...AND HERE IS THE PROSECUTOR!

MADAM DANZA!



YOU LIE! I CAN PROVE YOU WERE PRESENT!

BUT YOU WERE THE VICTIM! WHERE'S YOUR WITNESS?



JOE HAD BEATEN MANY A RAP IN THE PAST! NOW HIS AGILE BRAIN SOUGHT AN ALIBI...

GOT TO STALL THEM, SOMEHOW...

I... I WAS SOMEPLACE ELSE AT THE TIME OF THE CRIME!



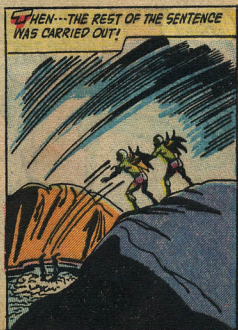
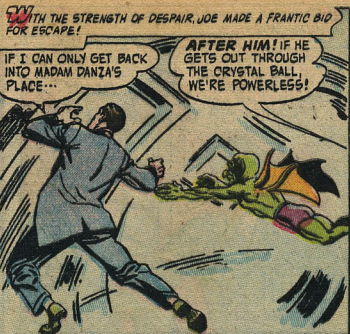
**IN A PANIC, HE SAW THE AWFUL RING OF DESTINY CLOSE ABOUT HIM...**

I WAS WATCHING FROM HADES... I AM AN EYE WITNESS TO THE CRIME! THUS... I FIND YOU GUILTY OF MURDER!

THIS IS A... A FRAME-UP!









**M**EANWHILE, THE TWO OFFICERS WERE NOT YET DONE WITH THE CASE!

WAIT, BILL... THAT FORTUNE TELLER SAID SHE NEVER SAW THAT SCREWBALL BEFORE! BUT **WE** SAW HIM RUN OUT OF HER PLACE!

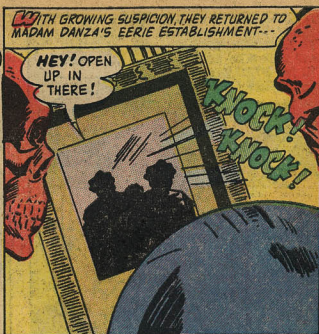
RIGHT... SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT! LET'S GO **BACK!**



**W**ITH GROWING SUSPICION, THEY RETURNED TO MADAM DANZA'S EERIE ESTABLISHMENT...

**HEY! OPEN UP IN THERE!**

**KNOCK! KNOCK!**



**W**HEN THEY FINALLY BROKE DOWN THE DOOR...

**MADAM DANZA!** WHAT IS THIS... A **GAG?**



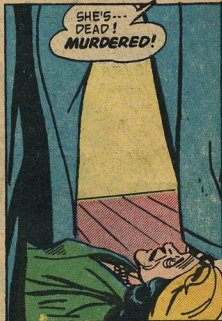
**B**UT THE SILENT FIGURE DID NOT RESPOND!

SHE MUST BE IN ONE OF THEM **TRANCES...** OR...

**C'MON. WAKE UP!**



SHE'S... **DEAD! MURDERED!**



**BILL... LOOK!**

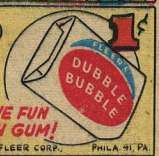
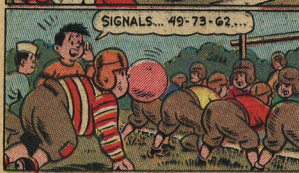
**H-HOLY SMOKE!** THOSE DEAD EYES... STARIN' FROM INSIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL!



**N**O, JOE BINK DID NOT BELIEVE IN FORTUNE TELLERS... BUT... HE DOES NOW!







# Out of the Unknown ...TO YOU!

That's **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!**  
 ★★ AMERICA'S FIRST GREAT MAGAZINE OF THE SUPERNATURAL! READ IT FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS... FOR TENSE, SPINE-TINGLING ENTERTAINMENT SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER EXPERIENCED! FOR GASPS GALORE,

don't miss  
**ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!**

AT YOUR  
 Favorite  
 NEWSSTAND



# IT HAPPENED at MIDNIGHT

**I**T HAD TERRIFIED him at first. While going through his morning mail at the office he had come across the strange letter, written on paper such as he had never seen, enclosed in a queer envelope bearing no stamp or postmark, and written with a substance that appeared to be blood! It read: "You shall die tonight exactly at midnight, as I did."

A terrible shudder passed through Miles Clayton, for he recognized unmistakably the handwriting of his late business partner, Franklin Forbes. But that was impossible, for Forbes was dead and buried. Still, how to explain it?

As the day passed he grew increasingly nervous. No one suspected that the death of Forbes had not been accidental. To gain control of the business Clayton had engineered a perfect crime. He had smashed Forbes' skull with a bottle, poured whiskey over his clothes, taken him to his car, and on a lonely road driven it off a cliff. The police and everyone else believed it merely an unfortunate accident, a result of drunken driving.

Though he was in the clear, and though he did not believe in ghosts, Miles Clayton found it impossible to concentrate on his work. He had intended to spend the evening alone going over certain contracts, but now he ruled that idea out. Whatever happened he was not going to be alone at midnight, and he was certainly not going to be in an automobile.

And so, having no previous plans, he bought a ticket to a play. It was over at exactly 11:30. About to take a taxi home he reflected that to be on the safe side it would be better to go to a crowded restaurant, and pass the time with crowds of people until midnight had passed. He knew that he was behaving foolishly, but nervousness got the better of him.

In a busy midtown restaurant he ordered a sandwich and gazed at his watch. The slow passage of time became almost

unbearable. He watched the second hand of his watch sweep through the final minute. Midnight came. Nothing happened.

"I'm a fool," he said to himself, getting up and paying his check. "Of course nothing could happen." Nevertheless, he felt considerably relieved.

Outside he swiftly hailed a taxi and grunted his address to the driver. He sat back heavily, as if a great load had passed from his mind. But as the taxi moved out of the midtown area Clayton suddenly saw the gleaming hands of the huge clock atop one of the skyscrapers. It read 11:56!

The cold hand of panic gripped suddenly at his throat. With a surge of desperation he squinted at the jeweler's window the taxi was just passing. There was another clock. It read 11:57!

"Driver!" he screamed. "Stop the car! Stop it! Let me out!"

It was as if the driver heard nothing.

Desperately he seized the driver by the collar, shouting, "Stop the car! Do you hear? Stop!"

The driver turned, and Miles Clayton shrieked in awful terror. For beneath the ordinary driver's cap was a grinning death's head!

The taxi gathered speed, now that the highway along the river had been reached.

"No! No!" Clayton screamed. "Don't!"

The wheels of the taxi turned more swiftly, and the driver spoke at last. "Your watch was fast, Miles. Five minutes fast! Enough to send you to your death!"

At the moment Clayton recognized the voice of his late partner, Franklin Forbes, the taxi suddenly swerved sharply. Only a terrified shriek escaped him, and then the vehicle was crashing through the wooden barrier, to plunge crazily into the deep river far below...



# DARK JOURNEY!



---ASHES TO ASHES  
AND DUST TO DUST!  
MAY THE LORD HAVE  
MERCY ON HIS SOUL!

IN A SMALL FAMILY CEMETERY, NOT FAR  
FROM THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, A GROUP  
OF MOURNERS LOOK ON SOMBERLY AS THE  
DISMAL PROCEEDINGS DRAW TO A  
CLOSE---

AND WHEN THE CEREMONY CAME TO AN END---

WELL, ROGER, YOU  
HAVE EVERYTHING  
NOW--THE ESTATE,  
THE MONEY AND THE BUSINESS!  
I WONDER IF YOU'RE  
**DESERVING OF  
IT ALL!**

MAYBE I **HAVEN'T**  
BEEN, UNCLE, BUT THAT'S  
ALL IN THE PAST NOW!  
DAD'S DEATH HAS  
MADE ME SEE THINGS  
DIFFERENTLY! THERE'LL  
BE NO MORE WILD  
PARTIES, OR DIS-  
SIPATION! I--I  
**PROMISE!**

AND I'LL BE NEEDING **YOUR**  
HELP, UNCLE ROBERT, IN  
ASSUMING MY NEW RE-  
SPONSIBILITIES! WILL  
YOU HELP ME?

I'M NOT PROMIS-  
ING ANYTHING,  
ROGER--BUT  
I'LL THINK  
ABOUT IT!





**AND** UNCLE ROBERT **DID** THINK...BUT ALONG TOTALLY DIFFERENT LINES!

I'VE BEEN **ROBBED, CHEATED!** FOR YEARS I WORKED IN MY BROTHER'S EMPLOY...AND WHAT DOES HE DO? HE LEAVES EVERYTHING TO HIS **WASTREL SON!**



BUT IT'S NOT OVER WITH **YET!** MY LITTLE TALK WITH **MERE SINESTRA** WILL CHANGE MATTERS! I'VE HEARD OF HER DARK POWERS, AND FOR THE RIGHT PRICE...**SHE WILL DO AS I ASK!**



SHADES OF SATAN, I AIN'T DEAF! STOP THE POUNDIN' AN' RAISE THE LATCH!



WHY, IT'S **MR. DUMBRILLE!** I'M NOT SURPRISED AT SEEN' YE...IT'S JUST THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR! I EXPECTED YE TWO HOURS BACK! WHATEVER KEPT YE **THIS** LONG?

YOU... EXPECTED ME?



**WHY NOT?** I KNEW OF YOUR COMIN'...AN' YOUR PURPOSE, TOO! IT DEALS WITH AN INHERITANCE, AND A NEPHEW YE HAVE NO LOVE FOR! AM I RIGHT?

THEN YOU DO KNOW...**EVERYTHING!**



ALL RIGHT...I INTENDED KILLING MY NEPHEW MYSELF, BUT REALIZED IT WAS TOO RISKY! THAT'S WHY I HAVE COME TO **YOU!** IF HE DIES, THE FORTUNE WILL PASS ON TO ME...

**UH-HUH!** AND THAT IS WHERE **MERE SINESTRA** CAN BE OF **GREAT HELP!**



THEN YOU **WILL** USE YOUR POWER, AND BRING ABOUT HIS DEATH?

I CAN'T DO **ALL** OF IT! **YOU** MUST PLAY A PART IN IT TOO, BUT BECAUSE OF MY MAGIC YE'LL NEVER BE DETECTED! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...





I CAN SEND PEOPLE **THROUGH TIME!** THINK! IF I WERE TO SEND YE FIFTY YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, YE'D FIND YOUR NEPHEW AN OLD MAN! IT'D BE SIMPLE TO KILL HIM...AN' THEN I'D BRING YE BACK TO THE PRESENT, WITH NOBODY TO SUSPECT! AND MY MAGIC WOULD STILL MAKE HIS DEATH TAKE EFFECT **NOW**...IN THE **PRESENT!**

WELL? **SPEAK UP!** WILLIN' TO GIVE IT A TRY, OR...

I HAVE THE GUN WITH ME! WE CAN START **AT ONCE!**



**A**ND A MOMENT LATER...

SOMETHING'S COMING...FROM THE CALDRON! N... NO...**HELP!**

HA-HA-HA!

SWOOSH!

THE PRESSURE...IT'S TOO GREAT! I...I CAN'T BREATHE! **HELP...HELP!**

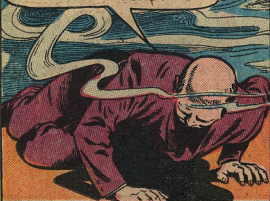
**A** HISSING INCANTATION ROSE EERILY FROM THE WITCHES' WRINKLED LIPS...

PRINCE OF DARKNESS, HEAR MY RHYME! SEND THIS MORTAL... INTO **TIME!**



**T**HEN, WITH DRAMATIC SUDDENNESS, THE STRANGE FORCE SLACKENED...

IT'S GONE...AND I'M NO LONGER IN MERE SINISTRA'S HUT! WHAT'S HAPPENED? W...WHERE AM I?

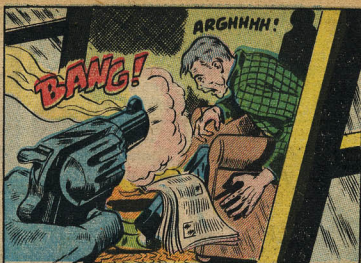
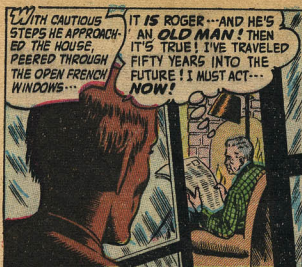


**S**LOWLY, HE ROSE TO HIS FEET...AND THERE, DIRECTLY AHEAD OF HIM...

IT'S MY **NEPHEW'S HOUSE!** ONLY IT SEEMS OLDER...YEARS OLDER! HAS IT REALLY HAPPENED? HAVE I...**JOURNEYED ONWARD THROUGH TIME?**

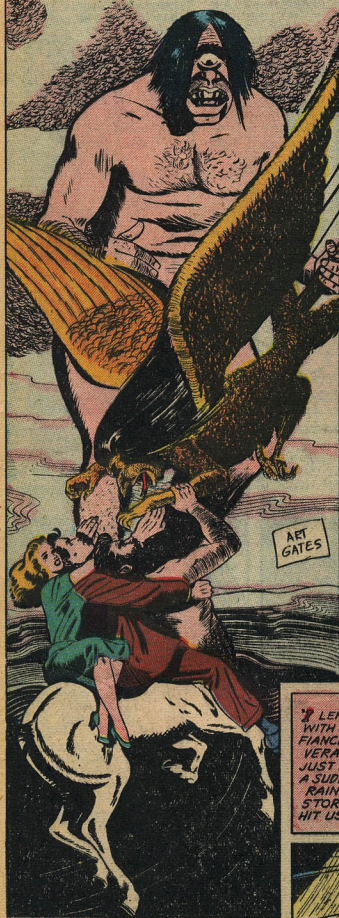






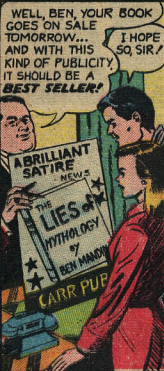


# The LAND of LIVING MYTHS



HERE'S A DIFFERENT TYPE OF STORY... AS EERIE AND TERRIFYING AS ANY WHICH HAS EVER EMERGED FROM THE GRIM WORLD OF THE SUPERNATURAL! FOR THRILLS AND CHILLS THAT ARE REALLY OUT OF THIS WORLD, READ THIS WEIRD TALE... AS TOLD BY ITS AUTHOR, BEN MANDING!

"IT ALL BEGAN IN THE OFFICE OF ONE OF MY PUBLISHERS..."



WELL, BEN, YOUR BOOK GOES ON SALE TOMORROW... AND WITH THIS KIND OF PUBLICITY, IT SHOULD BE A BEST SELLER!

I HOPE SO, SIR!

HOPE SO? WHY, I PREDICT THAT AFTER THIS BOOK AP- PEARs, MYTHOLOGY WILL NO LONGER EVEN BE TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS!



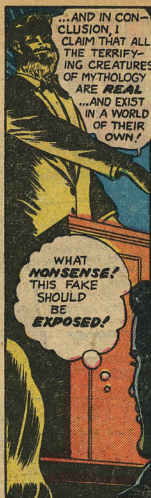
"I LEFT WITH MY FIANCEE, VERA... JUST AS A SUDDEN RAIN-STORM HIT US..."



WHY NOT GO IN, BEN... JUST TO GET OUT OF THIS DOWNPOUR?

SURE! ANY PORT IN A STORM ... EVEN THIS MALARKEY!







"ANOTHER GESTURE...AND THE APPARITION VANISHED!"

WELL, ARE YOU CONVINCED NOW?

YES...CONVINCED THAT YOU'RE JUST A CHARLATAN WHO RELIES ON **HYPNOTISM** TO PROVE YOUR LIES!



"I MOVED FORWARD TO OUST THIS QUEER LUNATIC, BUT..."

M-MY ARMS... THEY'RE PARALYZED!

YOU HAVE DARED SCOFF AT MY KNOWLEDGE AND POWER...AND FOR THAT, YOU SHALL SUFFER!



"I HEREBY EXILE YOU TO THE **LAND OF LIVING MYTHS...** AND TO MAKE YOUR PUNISHMENT WORSE, YOUR LOVED ONE SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU!"



"WE WALKED OUTSIDE...INTO A STRANGE AND MAGICAL REALM!"



VERA...LOOK! HE WAS RIGHT, THEN THIS MUST BE THE **LAND OF LIVING MYTHS!**

YES...AND YOU MAY RETURN ONLY THROUGH THIS DOOR...IF YOU CAN FIND IT AGAIN!

"AS I REALIZED THE HORRIBLE TRUTH, I WHIRLED... TOO LATE!"



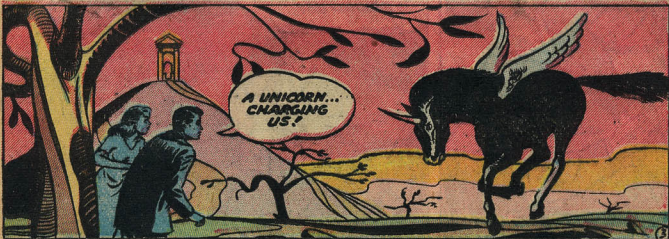
WAIT! YOU CAN'T! THE DOOR...IT'S **DISAPPEARED!**

"WE WERE STRANDED...IN AN EERIE, TERRIFYING LAND THAT SEEMED LIKE A NIGHTMARE COME TRUE!"



W-WHAT'S THAT?

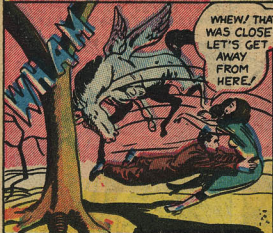
HUH?



A **UNICORN...** CHARGING US!



"LUCKILY, I HAD READ HOW HUNTERS TRAP RHINOS IN AFRICA... WOULD IT WORK WITH A UNICORN?"



...BUT NOT **TOO** FAR AWAY...WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT DOOR AGAIN!

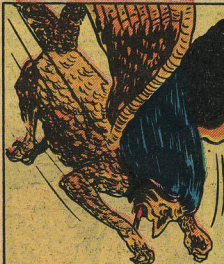


BEN... I'M **FRIGHTENED!**

SO AM I... AS OF **NOW!** LOOK WHAT'S COMING!



"IT WAS A **HARPY**... ONE OF THE MOST DREADED CREATURES OF MYTHOLOGY!"



NOTHING... CAN SAVE US NOW...



**SUDDENLY...**



WHY, IT LOOKS TERRIFIED! IT'S **FALLING!**

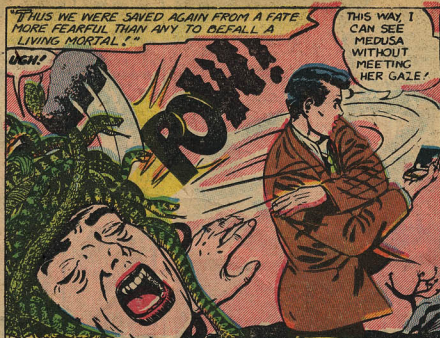
LOOK... IT'S TURNED TO **STONE!**



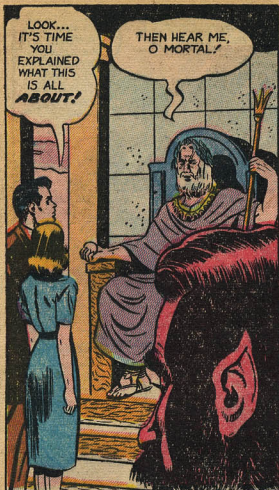
**DON'T TURN AROUND!** I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT **MEDUSA**, THE SNAKE-HEADED HORROR WHOSE GLANCE TURNS ALL LIVING THINGS TO STONE, IS **BEHIND US!**





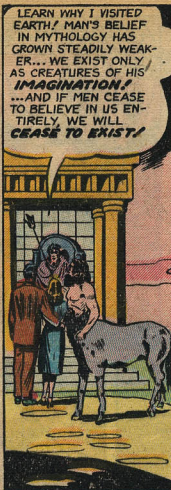




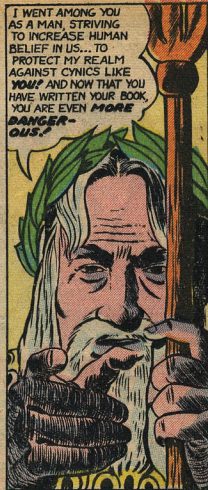


LOOK...  
IT'S TIME  
YOU  
EXPLAINED  
WHAT THIS  
IS ALL  
ABOUT!

THEN HEAR ME,  
O MORTAL!



LEARN WHY I VISITED  
EARTH! MAN'S BELIEF  
IN MYTHOLOGY HAS  
GROWN STEADILY WEAK-  
ER... WE EXIST ONLY  
AS CREATURES OF HIS  
**IMAGINATION!**  
...AND IF MEN CEASE  
TO BELIEVE IN US EN-  
TIRELY, WE WILL  
**CEASE TO EXIST!**



I WENT AMONG YOU  
AS A MAN, STRIVING  
TO INCREASE HUMAN  
BELIEF IN US... TO  
PROTECT MY REALM  
AGAINST CYNICS LIKE  
**YOU!** AND NOW THAT YOU  
HAVE WRITTEN YOUR BOOK,  
YOU ARE EVEN **MORE  
DANGEROUS!**



**HOW** COULD I DOUBT THE EVIDENCE OF MY OWN EYES... I MADE A QUICK DECISION...

I SEE THAT I WAS WRONG!  
NOW... WILL YOU SEND US BACK  
TO OUR WORLD?

ON ONE  
CONDITION...  
YOU MUST  
PROMISE THAT  
YOUR BOOK  
**WILL NOT  
APPEAR!**



BUT I CAN'T...  
IT'S OUT OF  
MY HANDS!  
NO MATTER  
WHAT I DO,  
THE BOOK  
WILL GO  
ON SALE  
**TOMORROW!**

YOU **STILL**  
DARE TO  
THWART MY  
WILL? **THROW  
THEM TO  
THE  
EYELOPS!**



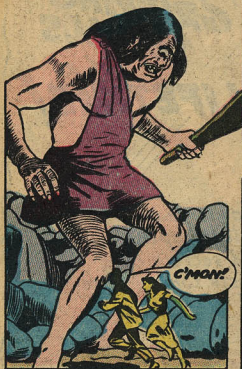
**"WE WERE SEIZED, FORCED INTO A  
LARGE NATURAL ARENA... AND THERE,  
ABOVE US, LOOMED OUR GRISLY FATE!"**

OH,  
**NO!**

WAIT! HE  
EXPECTS US  
TO RUN  
**AWAY**  
FROM HIM!  
SO...



"A THING THAT BIG **HAD** TO BE SLOW...IN BODY AND IN MIND!" IT WAS A BREAK FOR US..."



C'MON!

"I HAD SPOTTED OUR LAST HOPE...A CAVE!"



INSIDE...  
QUICK!

"BUT OUR LUCK HAD RUN OUT...WE HAD DASHED INTO THE JAWS OF **DEATH!**"



WE'RE **TRAPPED!**  
IT'S THE DEN OF THE  
**MINOTAUR!**

"SUDDENLY THERE WAS A CRASHING IN OUR EARS...A FLASH...AND AN ETERNITY OF SEARING FLAMES!"



BEN! WHERE ARE YOU?

THIS SUDDEN HEAT... I CAN'T!

**CRASH!**

"THEN...OUR SENSES RETURNED...AND WE FOUND OURSELVES BACK IN MY APARTMENT!"



RING

IT'S ALL OVER...AND WE'RE **ALIVE!**

THE... PHONE...

"IT WAS MY PUBLISHER..."

BAD NEWS, BEN... THERE'S BEEN A FIRE IN OUR WAREHOUSE! LUCKILY, **WE'RE** INSURED, BUT...EVERY COPY OF YOUR BOOK WAS **BURNED!** I... **WHAT?**

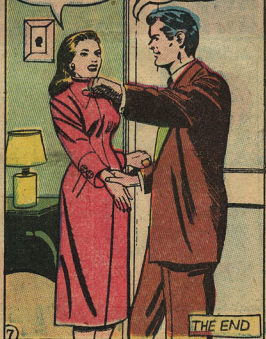
I SAID... YOU THINK **YOU'RE** LUCKY?



LATER...

COME ON, DARLING...LET'S GO CELEBRATE THE **END** OF YOUR LITERARY CAREER!

YES, BUT NOT THROUGH **THIS** DOOR...LET'S USE THE SIDE ENTRANCE!



THE END



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RINGS

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# TERROR HOUSE



The old man sat in darkness with his secrets--unafraid! And yet he **WOULD** have feared had he known what was coming! The butler prowled like a gaunt wraith through the corridors-- and the shadow of midnight moved with him toward an appointment with horror! And between the two, her heart pounding in the stillness where evil waited, was **NANCY LEWIS**-- a prisoner of the dread that loomed around her!

THIS IS THE WAY IT LOOKED... SOMETHING MORE THAN OLD-- SOMETHING OTHER THAN GRIM-- A PLACE THAT, UNTIL THE EVIL WITHIN IT WAS NAMED, WOULD BE **TERROR HOUSE!**



YOU'VE BEEN MY SECRETARY FOR TWO DAYS, NANCY-- HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? YOU'RE HAPPY HERE-- QUITE CONTENTED?

GUESS IT'S A LITTLE EARLY TO SAY, MR. ASHFORD! IT'S ALL SO NEW, AND-- I SUPPOSE AT FIRST ANY HOUSE SEEMS STRANGE!





YOU MUST GIVE YOURSELF TIME!  
LET THIS HOUSE BECOME PART  
OF YOU, MY DEAR,  
AND ALL WILL BE  
WELL -- INDEED  
IT WILL!

I'LL TRY,  
MR.  
ASHFORD!

HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH THIS HOUSE -- HOW COULD  
HE -- AND BE THE KIND OLD MAN  
HE IS? BUT IT'S HERE, ALL  
AROUND ME -- AND HEAVEN  
FORBID I EVER LEARN WHAT  
IT IS -- BECAUSE I'LL  
GO MAD WITH TERROR!

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN IT ALL TO MR.  
ASHFORD? SOMETIMES IT'S FLITTING  
SHADOWS -- SOMETIMES IT'S THAT  
HORRID BUTLER LURKING OUTSIDE --



-- DOORS!



FOR A MOMENT-- THE TWO FACES IN THE GLOOM... HOW CAN  
WORDS PLEAD, HOW CONVEY FEAR-- TO A THING LIKE THIS?

LOFTON-- WHAT DO YOU  
WANT? WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

THIS IS MY PLACE, MISS!

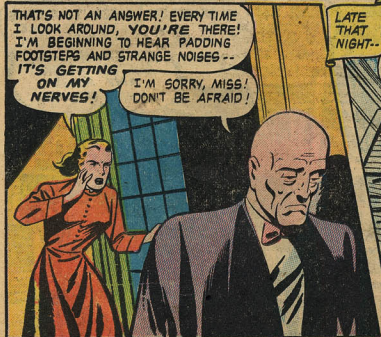


THAT'S NOT AN ANSWER! EVERY TIME  
I LOOK AROUND, YOU'RE THERE!  
I'M BEGINNING TO HEAR PADDING  
FOOTSTEPS AND STRANGE NOISES --  
IT'S GETTING  
ON MY  
NERVES!

I'M SORRY, MISS!  
DON'T BE AFRAID!

LATE  
THAT  
NIGHT--

WHAT DID LOFTON MEAN BY THAT-- DON'T BE  
AFRAID? DOES HE SENSE HOW MUCH I  
WANT TO LEAVE -- THAT I'D GO RUSHING  
DOWN THE DRIVEWAY THIS VERY MINUTE --  
IF IT DIDN'T MEAN LEAVING MR. ASHFORD  
ALONE WITH HIM?





SUDDENLY-- SLOW AND MEASURED AS A DYING PULSE--

FOOTSTEPS-- TURNING INTO THE KITCHEN CORRIDOR! I'VE BORNE THIS LONG ENOUGH! WHATEVER HAPPENS-- I'M GOING TO LEARN WHAT IT IS!

AS IF I HAD TO GUESS WHO THAT IS! LOFTON-- WHAT ARE YOU PACING AROUND FOR?

THUMP...  
THUMP...  
THUMP...

LIKE THE CREEP OF BLUE FLAME IN A LOWERED LAMP WICK--

IN A FLASH THAT SEARS THE DARKNESS WITH HORROR--

THAT LIGHT CAN'T BE COMING FROM THE KITCHEN-- THE DOOR'S CLOSED! LOFTON-- SAY SOMETHING!

OH!!

THEN, AS THE MONSTROUS FIGURE FADES--

AH, WHAT PRETTY FUR-- WHAT NICE CLAWS! I THINK MISS NANCY WOULD LIKE YOU-- I'M SURE SHE WOULD!

IT'S GONE-- BUT I KNOW I SAW IT! AND WHAT'S MORE-- I KNOW THAT VOICE!

LOFTON!

YES, MISS! IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG?

LOFTON-- WHAT WAS THAT HIDEOUS THING? WHAT CAME IN HERE A SECOND AGO?

NOTHING, MISS-- NOTHING AT ALL!



YOU'RE LYING, YOU INHUMAN BRUTE--LYING! YOU CAN SIT THERE GRAVE AS A DEACON AND ASK ME WHAT'S WRONG-- BUT LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING! **CLAWS-- FUR!** IF YOU DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING-- **WHAT WERE YOU TALKING ABOUT?**

MY KITTEN, MISS!

JUST... A KITTEN? NOTHING ELSE?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK! ALL I KNOW IS I'M TERRIFIED-- TERRIFIED BY WHAT I SAW-- AND BY WHAT I'M GOING TO SEE!

QUITE SO, MISS! BUT-- **DON'T BE AFRAID!**



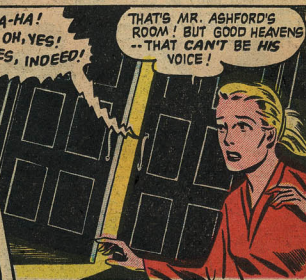
WHAT WAS THAT HORRIBLE CREATURE-- WHERE DID IT COME FROM? THERE'S A CURSE HANGING OVER THIS HOUSE-- AND NO MATTER HOW HE PRETENDS AND BIDES HIS TIME-- **I SAW ITS SECRET IN LOFTON'S EYES!**



A SOUND ROSE-- STRANGE-- AT FIRST LOST IN THE BLACK NOWHERE... AND THEN--

HA-HA!  
OH, YES!  
YES, INDEED!

THAT'S MR. ASHFORD'S ROOM! BUT GODD HEAVENS-- THAT CAN'T BE HIS VOICE!



SOMETHING ACRID SWEEPED THROUGH THE PARTLY OPENED DOOR-- FORBIDDING-- LIKE THE TANG OF A LAIR--

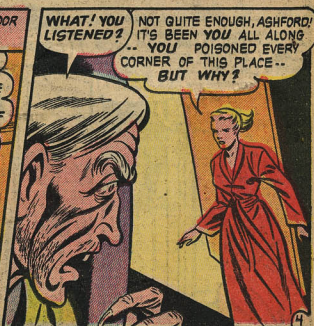
HA-HA-- GIVE YOURSELF TIME, NANCY! JUST A FEW MORE NIGHTS-- AND SEE HOW MUCH THIS HOUSE BECOMES PART OF YOU!

IT CAN'T BE TRUE! THIS IS SOME KIND OF UNHOLY NIGHTMARE!



WHAT! YOU LISTENED?

NOT QUITE ENOUGH, ASHFORD! IT'S BEEN YOU ALL ALONG-- YOU POISONED EVERY CORNER OF THIS PLACE-- BUT WHY?





MY DEAR-- I'LL TELL YOU WHY!  
TO WATCH YOU WRITHE IN TERROR  
--TERROR THAT  
STABS TO  
THE VERY  
DEPTHS  
OF YOUR  
SOUL!

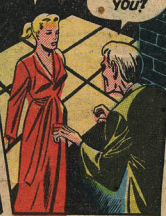
NO-- NOT MY  
SOUL! YOUR TERROR  
CAN REACH JUST SO  
FAR-- AND, ASHFORD--  
IT HAS REACHED ITS  
LIMIT WITH ME!

YOU, LIKE SOME MONSTROUS  
PUPPET THAT HAS MADE ITSELF  
LOOK HUMAN-- DO YOU THINK  
I'LL CRINGE  
NOW?  
NOT FOR  
ANYTHING!

NOT EVEN IF  
YOU KNEW...  
I INTEND  
TO KILL  
YOU?

SOMETHING LOOMS BEYOND THE YAWNING  
DOORWAY-- AND IN ITS LARGE,  
IMPATIENT HAND--

ASHFORD... SHE'S NOT  
AFRAID OF YOU!



GET OUT OF HERE,  
YOU LUMBERING  
FOOL! GET OUT!

SHE'S NOT AFRAID! THINK  
WHAT THAT MEANS TO ME,  
ASHFORD-- AND  
TO YOU!

ALL THESE YEARS, ALL THESE COUNTLESS  
NIGHTS I'VE SPENT-- IN A SLAVERY OF FEAR!  
ALL THE WHILE AFRAID TO HELP MYSELF  
AND THE OTHERS-- ALL THE WHILE KNOWING  
IT WAS TERROR THAT KEPT YOU ALIVE--  
A TERROR I DIDN'T  
DARE CHALLENGE!

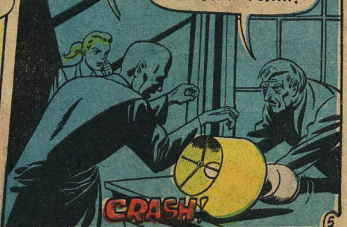


TERROR, ASHFORD; SOMETHING  
THAT IS FOOD AND DRINK AND  
OXYGEN TO YOUR INFERNAL SPIRIT!  
BUT TONIGHT IT CAME TO AN  
END-- AND IT MEANS THE  
END OF YOU!

WE'LL SEE-- WE'LL SEE!  
I'LL BRING FORTH THINGS  
HIDEOUS ENOUGH TO TURN  
HER HAIR WHITE-- AND  
THEN, YOU SHAMBLING OX--  
THEN IT WILL BE  
YOUR TURN!

NEVER--  
NEVER!

TERROR IS THE PULSE AND  
BEING OF THIS HOUSE-- THE  
ONE REALITY THAT EXISTS  
BEHIND THESE DOORS!  
STARK-- DEATHLY-- LET  
IT COME FORTH!



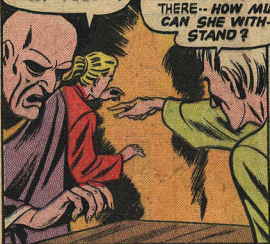


**F**OR A SECOND.. THE DARKNESS  
GATHERS IN A FROTH OF EVIL..

EYES CLOSED, HANDS CLENCHED,  
NANCY FEELS A SHUDDER COIL WITHIN  
HER-- KNOWING WHAT  
MUST BE FACED--

SOMETHING'S  
TAKING SHAPE--  
I CAN FEEL IT!

DID YOU HEAR THAT,  
LOFTON? HA-HA-HA!  
HOW MUCH HOPE IS  
THERE-- HOW MUCH  
CAN SHE WITH-  
STAND?

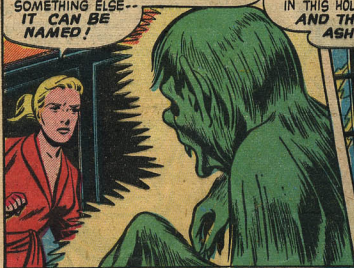


SHE CAN'T CONFRONT IT--SHE  
DOESN'T DARE LOOK! ALL  
THIS DEFIANCE OF TERROR--  
AND NOW IT'S HERE--  
SOMETHING THAT CAN  
BE NAMED IN NOTHING  
BUT A SCREAM!



NO, YOU MONSTER-- IT CAN BE FACED!  
AND IN THIS MOMENT, I'M SURE OF  
SOMETHING ELSE--  
IT CAN BE  
NAMED!

I MIGHT SHRINK LIKE A STRICKEN IDIOT FROM THE UNKNOWN  
-- BUT NOT FROM THIS! ALL THE DREAD AND EVIL  
IN THIS HOUSE ARE ONE--  
AND THE NAME IS  
ASHFORD!



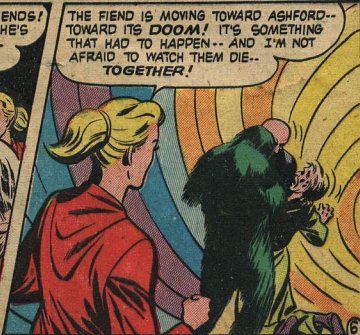
AND THE NAME OF WHAT  
DIES-- WILL BE  
ASHFORD!

ALL THE DREAD-- ALL THE  
EVIL-- CHOKED OUT--  
STIFLED!

FIENDS-- FIENDS!  
IT'S YOU HE'S  
KILLING--  
YOU!



THE FIEND IS MOVING TOWARD ASHFORD--  
TOWARD ITS DOOM! IT'S SOMETHING  
THAT HAD TO HAPPEN-- AND I'M NOT  
AFRAID TO WATCH THEM DIE--  
TOGETHER!

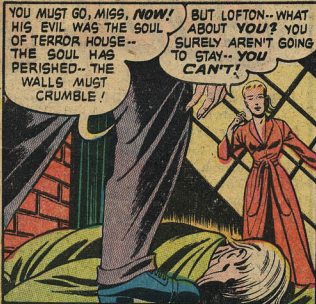




IN THE NEXT INSTANT-- MERGING AT THE BLACK THRESHOLD OF DOOM--



AN ETERNAL MOMENT TICKS PAST IN SILENCE--THEN--



THIS IS MY PLACE, MISS-- MY PLACE AS MUCH AS IT WAS HIS! I GAVE UP THE WORLD WHEN I CAME TO TERROR HOUSE! I BECAME A THING THAT BREATHED BUT WAS DEAD-- AND NOW I AM IN MY TOMB! YES, MISS-- I AM GOING TO STAY!

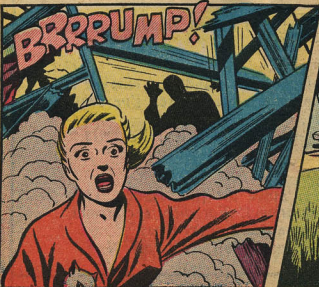


FOR A SECOND, THE TALL FIGURE IS VISIBLE IN THE WINDOW-- ERECT IN THE SHIFTING MASS THAT WAS TERROR HOUSE--

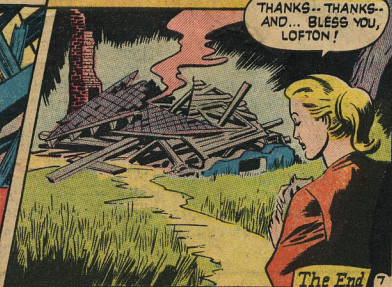
AS A VAST GROAN MOVES THROUGH THE SHUDDERING CORRIDORS--

LOFTON-- NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, COME WITH ME-- AND LIVE!

THIS IS WHAT I HAVE LIVED FOR, MISS-- THIS MOMENT! HURRY-- HURRY-- AND NEVER-- NEVER BE AFRAID!



-- AND THEN THE TOMB CLOSES-- ON A THING NAMED ASHFORD-- AND ON A MAN!



THANKS-- THANKS-- AND... BLESS YOU, LOFTON!

The End



# CHILL CHATTER

**F**ANS, WITH THIS issue of "Skeleton Hand" we complete our first year of publication. All things considered, we feel it's time to give all of you a progress report. In our very first get-together we said that we had no intention of bringing you merely another magazine of the supernatural. Oh, no...we were shooting the works! Either the best on the market, or not at all!

Well, our first issue sold out in a couple of days. Thus encouraged we began to expand operations. We had already gathered together as fine a staff of writers, researchers, and artists as were to be had in America, but we were still not satisfied. As every true fan of the supernatural knows, there is simply no limit to the perfection of a story.

This we have striven to give you to the utmost of our abilities. Of course, without your constant encouragement in the form of sales and letters, perhaps our dedication might have flagged. But you have never failed us, and we have never allowed ourselves to give you anything but our best. In short, we have tried to live up to the standards

we set down a year ago, and judging from your response, we have succeeded.

And so we have a treat in store for you: our greatest issue yet! "The Medium and the Murderer" is a throat-clutching thriller you'll long remember. For an eerie adventure into the mysterious realms of time and life beyond death, don't miss "Dark Journey!", a yarn designed to leave you gasping. "The Land of Living Myths" has been months in preparation, and it's a saga to rival the all-time supernatural greats for thrills and chills. As for "Terror House", well, we guarantee a shudder a minute. It's tops in spine-tingling horror. The strange and chilling events you'll find in "The Body" rounds out this superb issue.

Now, as we've told you many times, the editorial policies of "Skeleton Hand" are largely determined by your letters. So won't you please make your preferences known? Simply write to The Editor, "Skeleton Hand", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish your comments as soon as possible! Now, let's dip into our mailbag:

"Dear Editor:-

Just a note to say 'Skeleton Hand' is the best supernatural comic yet. It would make an ice cube shiver! 'Terror in Black Hollow' was great!

--Hazel Wilson, Unadilla, Ga."

"Dear Editor:-

I have just read my first issue of 'Skeleton Hand' and enjoyed it very much as it is one of the best supernatural magazines I've seen. I've recommended it to many of my friends.

--M. Perry, Bartlesville, Okla."

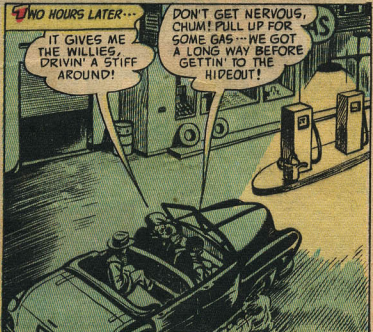
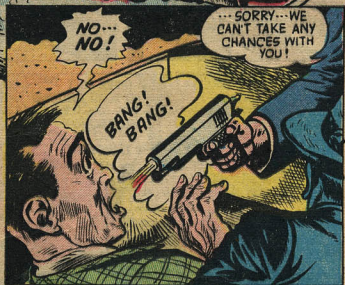
"Dear Editor:-

I've enjoyed 'Skeleton Hand' ever since the first issue. Time and again I find it superior to anything else around. For sheer excitement, suspense, and weird chills, give me 'Skeleton Hand' every time!

--John Kosloff, New York, N. Y."



# THE BODY







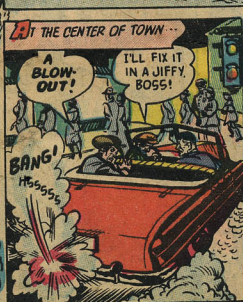
YOU SAID HE WAS DEAD, BOSS! YOU SAID...

SHUT UP! THE THUMPIN'S STOPPED NOW AIN'T IT? GUESS HE WAS TOUGHER TO KILL THAN I FIGURED! WE GOTTA ROLL... BEFORE EVERY COP IN THE STATE'S ON OUR NECK!

THERE AIN'T NO ROAD AROUND THIS WHISTLE STOP, BOSS... WE GOTTA GO THROUGH IT!

SO SHUT UP AND DRIVE! REMEMBER, ACT NORMAL!

WELCOME TO FAIRLAWN









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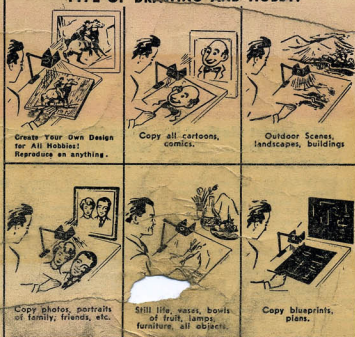
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